BAROQUE CHRYSALIS

hanlu's portfolio of stories

Hanlu

PROFILE

Origin Dchui, Jilin, China
Birthday 6th December
Likes Chips, Long hair, Vladimir Putin
Dislikes People who he

Main works Charming Lips, Four People who Gamble, Estuary, Patient Room Zero, Baroque Love Story (Short story) The Macrophage Butterfly, The Human in the Eye, ChangAnHuanYe (Short stories with pictures) ChangAn HuanYe (Volumes) Baroque Chrysalis (one volume)

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Credits:
Act 01

Scanner: Leguman
Translate: Mellylemon
Proofer: Recalcitrant
Editor: Sylvie

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BAROQUE CHRYSALIS

韩霞短篇集①

黑龙江美术出版社

The Nineteenth Chainsaw of the Texan Lover
ON THE ENDLESS HIGHWAY BEGINS A FIRST LOVE EVERY DAY

On the highway in the summer month of July,
'He' sits at the doorstep of a motel crying helplessly...
Orange-flavored sweets are scattered all over the ground...
Against the white sky,
One can almost assume that 'he' is watching 'his' lover leave while feeling broken-hearted.

'He' watches those orange-flavored sweets carefully as they melt under the heat of the sun,
Until they can no longer be seen.
I begin to wonder if 'he' is irritated by my silly actions.
As I glance at 'him', I see that 'he' is busy cleaning the rear view mirror in his car.
'His' fingers are pale and long.
When I make my way to the washroom, which has algae grown all over it like a plague,
the brightness of the reflection from the mirror pierces my eyes.
'Hey! Buddy, water's seeping into the floor!'
Upon hearing my words, that little boy disappears. He is five years old.
He comes here to draw water every day, bringing that orange pail with him.
The limestone on the floorboards is gradually peeling away because it's wet,
and I lie on the ground, enjoying the coolness the water within the floor brings with it.
I watch as that tiny figure attempts to raise his leg to place that pail in the cement pit.

The tap has been turned on to the maximum, making a loud noise. The little boy leans against the wall beside that pit, waiting as the water rises in the pail.
'Hey! Buddy, where's your mother?' I continue to speak, but my tone begins to turn malicious.
The little boy is the son of a woman who has been ditched.
A twenty-one-year old mother and a five-year old son.

'My father'll visit in July.'
I heard him boast about that when I first came here last year.
But until now, I haven't seen any other men except for him and myself at this motel...

The malicious smile on my face begins to widen.
I pop one of the orange-flavored sweets into my mouth. The sound the clear sweet wrapper produces is drowned out by the noise from the tap.

CATHERINE CHRYSANTIS 巴洛克 華

I hear the sound of heavy footsteps pounding on the floor above me.
I guess "he" is probably tired of observing that endless highway, returning to his room to rest.
The noise from the tap ceases. With great effort, the little boy drags the pail away from the cement pit slowly, placing it on the ground after lifting it up.

I watch from afar.
Wouldn't it have been easier if he'd filled half a pail to begin with?

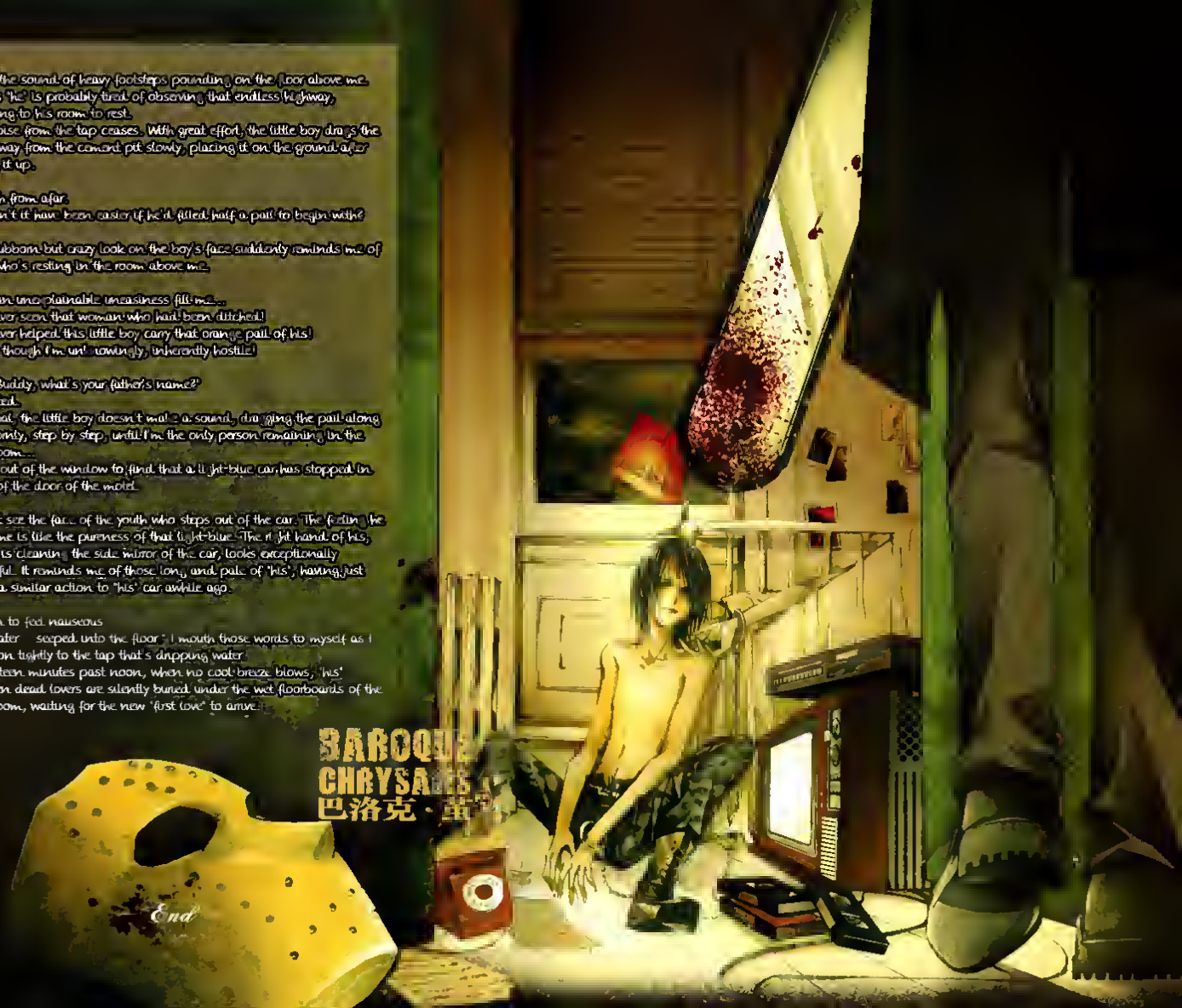
The stubborn but crazy look on the boy's face suddenly reminds me of him, who's resting in the room above me.

I feel an unexplainable uneasiness fill me...
I've never seen that woman who had been ditched!
I've never helped this little boy carry that orange pail of his!
It's as though I'm unknowingly, inherently hostile!

"Hey! Buddy, what's your father's name?"
I shouted.
As usual, the little boy doesn't make a sound, dragging the pail along stubbornly, step by step, until I'm the only person remaining in the washroom...
I look out of the window to find that a light-blue car has stopped in front of the door of the motel.

I can't see the face of the youth who steps out of the car. The feeling he gives me is like the pureness of that light-blue. The right hand of his, which is cleaning the side mirror of the car, looks exceptionally beautiful. It reminds me of those long and pale of "his", having just done a similar action to "his" car awhile ago.

I begin to feel nauseous.
"No water seeped into the floor". I mouth those words to myself as I cling on tightly to the tap that's dripping water.
At thirteen minutes past noon, when no cool breeze blows, "his" eighteen dead lovers are silently buried under the wet floorboards of the washroom, waiting for the new "first love" to arrive.



BAROQUE CHRYSALIS

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